



HELP
SANTA
SHERLOCK
WEBBOT

FIND
OLD LADY
CLAUS!



1967
PULSE



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LETTERS TO EDITOR

Dear Pulse Staff,

I think that the Pulse is a very fine magazine. But, at times I find your humorous stories not very humorous. Take the recent article entitled "Pullnet." I read all seven pages of it and I failed to find (sic) anything that was really humorous. Perhaps I didn't see anything funny in it because I am not used to the local color and humor of Xavier Hall. All that I was able to get from the article was that the seminarians need coffee very much to keep awake. But what I get from the article is very insignificant. The point that I am trying to make is that perhaps if you are trying to impress people with your humor, you should present something humorous to them, something that they see humor in.

I would like to thank Micheal (sic) Smith for recognizing my criticism in his article "Ramblings." First of all, the reason why I told Bruce Catalano my feelings for the Pulse was because in the October or Nov-

ember issues of 1966, there was an article asking for criticisms and comments. So I gave Bruce my feelings towards the Pulse. Is this the way you react when someone has feelings against what you think and believe in? Is it right to label that person "immature?" I think it takes a mature person to stand up and voice his opinions, even though they may not be in consensus with the majority. Are you saying that you only print and accept criticisms that complement (sic) the Pulse? Is this the way to improve your paper? Is this your reaction to someone who disagrees with your views? This is just constructive criticism that I am trying to make, and I hope you will take it in that light.

Sincerely,
Tom McKenzie

P.S. I hope none of the statements previously expressed offended anyone. I also hope that you do not think I am branding Xavier Hall with having a bad sense of humor, but I am only saying that perhaps it is not expressed correctly or understandably.

Dear Tom,

First of all, I wish to make a point clear. Contrary to the opinion of some people, every letter sent to the PULSE and written in good taste will be printed in PULSE. By good taste I don't mean to say that if someone disagrees with our views we will not print his letter. We have printed every letter which we have received so far this year.

As regards your letter, I believe that humor is a very subjective thing. A certain type of humor is enjoyed very much by some and less by others. Even though "Pullnet", the feature story in the last issue of PULSE was by far not the best feature story which we have printed in PULSE this year, it seems that anyone would be able to get a certain amount of humor simply from the pictures. As I said in my editorial "You can't please everyone at the same time." Maybe the next issue will be more pleasing to you.

Very evidently, it would help to be tuned into the humor of Xavier Hall before reading the feature story in PULSE. We have received many compliments from both the novitiate and Saint Charles and the bulk of these compliments usually center on the feature story.

Perhaps the reason for this is the fact that the seminarians in both houses have been through Xavier Hall and know what goes on there. I would almost guarantee you that once you get to Xavier Hall you will see more humor in those stories than you saw when you were back at Brunnerdale.

I'm sure that PULSE will mean much more to you next year when you are a member of the famed Mongie Nation. Who knows, perhaps the next feature story in PULSE will really appeal to you?

Ed.



Dear Editor,

All I have to say is --- those who judge your publication to be immature and babyish have lost their sense of humor and should begin to look at life as it really is. There is too much gloom and doom in the world, and your paper helps to dispel some of it. I enjoyed that picture of Mike Smith in his favorite position. Keep up the good work!

Padre Teolis

Dear Tim,

I agree with your last editorial but I was particularly disappointed with the article "Fits and Forms." A character judgement on two particular seminarians, although I agree, Al and Terry are both fine seminarians, has no place in PULSE. I'm sure everyone realizes that the only true "fit and form" (to coin a poor phrase) that a seminarian can look to, is Christ. I'm sure both Terry and Al would be the last ones to admit that they are "the best examples which we have," at Xavier Hall

D. Glazier

P.S. The center fold-out of Berts Woolsons was tremendous. (We always use the plural when referring to Bert.)

Dear Mr. Editor:

I have read and enjoyed PULSE from cover to cover. I knew nothing of St. Joseph's College before----so many things are clear to me now.

And the graphic photographs! There is great hope for the Church of tomorrow if such young men will be at the helm. Just one request. Is there anything you could do - maybe another Bingo - to help that poor lad, second from the left, front row, p. 27, get a haircut? Seriously, I doubt if coffee would have helped him.

I have studied Mr. Hofstetter's poem with interest and intend to do so again. I find it interesting; he is to be congratulated.

Best of luck to you and to your staff. Indeed as was written, "Many changes have occurred" in the novitiates. May they take us closer to our goal of a truly Christian family.

Sincerely in Christ,
Sister Lorraine Marie R.S.M.

EDITOR'S NOTE

The poor lad, second from the left, front row, p. 27, happens to be Sister Lorraine Marie's nephew.

Dear Tim,

Your last PULSE looked real good. You know though that I do disagree with whomever called PULSE infantile but you do have to be careful of catering too much to the lighter interests of people. Some timely articles on an important topic would make such a criticism less likely to recur. I know it is not too easy to get people to write (I was lucky - Spilly liked to write those darned political articles.) But you should try to get something along that line.

In His Blood,
George

Dear Editor:

I wish to congratulate the person, or persons, who had such great imaginations to come up with the cover that appeared on the last issue of the PULSE. If that doesn't give a picture of a seminarian's life, I do not think anything ever will.

A. Ebach

P.S. Mr. Rettig surely wore a nice hat in that last issue. It must have come from somewhere special.

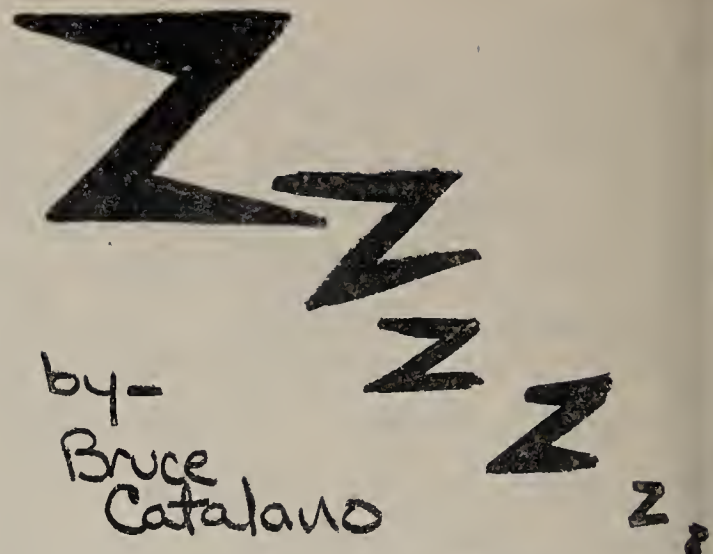


Ed. note: Mr. Rettig informs me that he obtained that hat as a souvenir of an Indian reservation when he toured North Dakota last summer.

Dear Pulse Staff:

May I take this opportunity to commend you on your efforts to produce a worthwhile student paper! Although I may not always agree with content, format, etc., your work serves to assure that the spirit of Xavier Hall is still very much alive. Keep it up.

Fr. Froelich

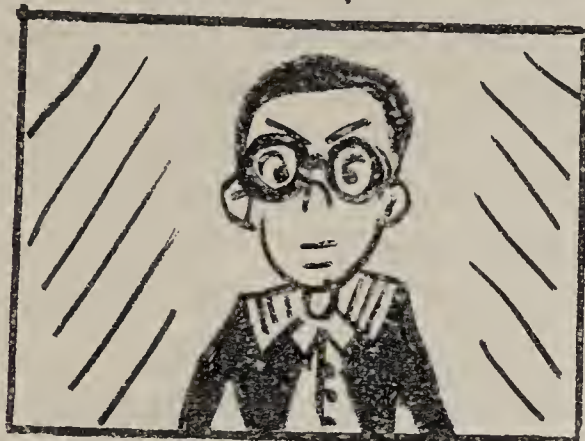


Long ago, even before the invention of the toaster, people used to stroll around town very, very tired; all because no one had yet invented sleep. Every night the people would hold town meetings to decide what could be done; they knew something was missing, but no one could discover it.

The discovery of sleep was merely accidental. It happened like this. One day Gene Sprits, (a cousin to Joe Fabeetse, the famous squash player), was sulking down the pathway when suddenly he ran into Plato Macarthius, a famous man of that age. Plato Macarthius stopped, looked up at Gene and said, "Gene." That was about all he could say in one breath, because he was very short-winded. Eventually Plato managed to acquire enough strength to utter, "I have something very important to say. Would you like to hear it? I call it philosophy." Gene said, "Oh yes Plato, I will be thrilled to hear it."

So Plato Macarthius started to read... from his book, The Monologues of Plato. After about fifteen minutes of continuous reading, Plato stopped, looked, and noticed that Gene's eyes

— Gene Sprits —



INVENTOR



were closed. Plato said, "Oh look, Gene's eyes are closed."

A few hours later when Gene awoke, Plato said, "Gene, you've just discovered it." Gene was puzzled and asked Plato, "What did I discover?" Plato said, "You know what it is, I'll call it volleyball." "No," replied Gene, "I've got a better word, sleep."

And so it was, eventually the fad of sleeping caught on and everyone was doing it. Just think, if it wasn't for sleep we wouldn't have breakfast, or the sand man... or S-L-E-E-P-I-N-G P-I-L-L-S o....r No DOZZZZZZZZZZZZ.

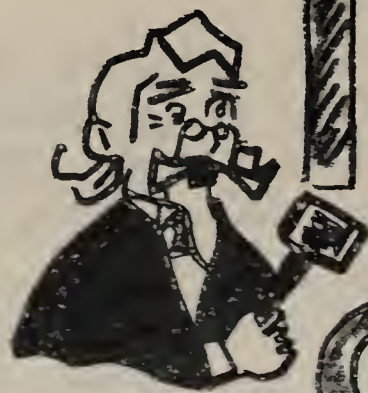
B. Catalano

This scientific article was condensed from Unpopular Mechanics. The author would also like to acknowledge the assistance rendered by Michael Ploetz, noted excavator and scroll reader, for data which gave additional light to the author's previous findings.

POLL ☒ RESULTS

In the beginning of March the fifth-year class held their first class meeting of the year. The main purpose of the meeting was to elect a new vice-president. Nominations for the office were: Bruce Catalano, James Field, Pete King, Jerome Schmidt, and Darryl Cabral. The result of the first ballot was Pete King and James Field tied with the most votes. The second ballot ended in a tie. The third and final ballot put Pete King on top by a small margin and into the new office as vice-president.

S. Herniak



Mason calls "VIC"

In September of 1965 when I first arrived at Xavier Hall, I was assigned to help take care of the U.S. weather station on campus. At first I doubted the usefulness of such a station, but I soon learned that from the reports of thousands of similar stations across the country a vast picture of the weather is determined.

There is an additional value of the station. The records that have been kept over the years have been used by the college and many individuals for various reasons.

Two months ago they were used in a liability suit in LaPorte, Indiana.

I received a subpoena to appear in the La Porte Circuit Court in La Porte, Indiana, with the weather records from June, July, August, September, and October of 1956.

A lumbermans insurance Company and the Pennsylvania Railroad were suing a dairy for \$100,000. It seems that employees from the dairy were burning trash when the fire got out of hand and spread, burning a lumber yard and several railroad cars. The Plaintiffs (the railroad and the insurance company) needed the records to prove that the season was hot and dry.

I was subpoenaed to appear at 10:00 A.M. on February 28. Tim Hemm accompanied me to La Porte. The hearing started with the defense questioning each one of the prospective jurors. The defense attorney asked a seemingly endless number of questions of the first juror. Then he proceeded to the next juror asking exactly the same questions. He was still questioning the jury when Tim and I left the courtroom for lunch at 11:30. The Plaintiff's attorney asked us to be back by 1:30.

The court reconvened at 1:45. The attorney for the Plaintiff then proceeded to question the jury. His questioning was very simple and direct. He refused to accept four of the jurors. After he completed his questioning, the defense attorney took over again. He asked the same questions of the four new jurors that he asked the rest. He refused to accept two of the new jurors. Two more were brought in and questioned. Finally both sides accepted the

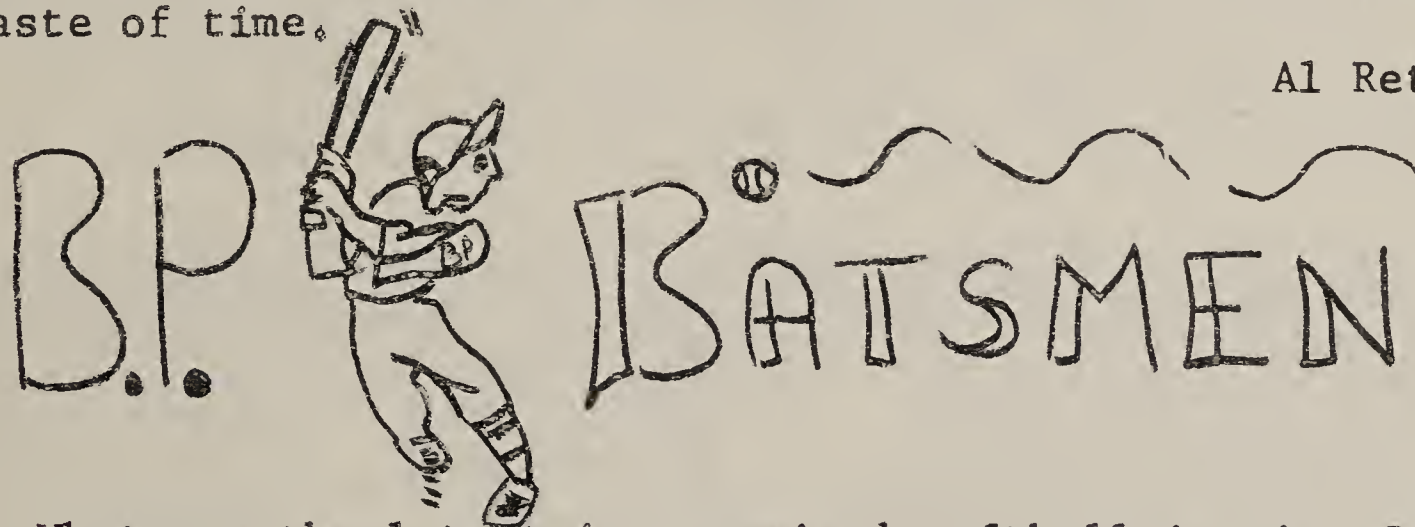
jury. The judge swore the twelve jurors in. The court then recessed at 2:45.

At 4:00 the court reconvened for the hearing. The attorney for the defense gave another "short" speech during which he requested that all witnesses and all persons not directly involved with the hearing be removed from the courtroom. This meant that Tim and I had to leave the room and wait in the lobby. The first witness was brought in and questioned thoroughly, followed by a second.

Finally at 5:10 they called me into the courtroom. I gave the records to the Plaintiff's attorney who then showed them to the defense attorney. After looking the records over very carefully and comparing them with the photostatic copies that we had already sent them they returned the records to me. The Plaintiff told me that they did not need the original copies since they had the photostatic copies and said I could leave. So they neither needed me nor the records.

After eating dinner, Tim and I left La Porte. We arrived back at Saint Joe at 7:00. We both felt that the whole day was quite an experience even though it did seem like a waste of time.

Al Rettig



Whatever the latest in organized softball is in Jasper County, you are guaranteed to find it in the team from Christopher Hall, the "Short Hitters." Bormagram Inc. (Brother Formation Program) is sponsoring the team in its first year up from the amateur leagues. The players unanimously expect the highpoint of their first season to be the IM Championship Softball Classic, for which they are presently preparing. Jim Post, brother of legendary All-American Tom Post and close relative to ballplayer Wally Post, has been appointed player-coach of the new team.

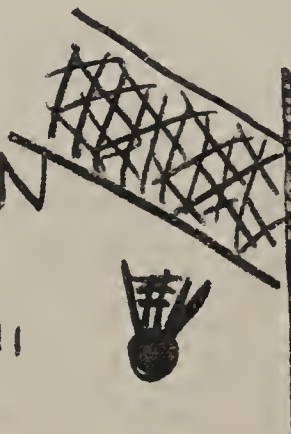
Manager Tom Schreiter in a recent press interview divulged that in spite of inclement weather the players were ahead of their training schedule according to his latest spring progress report. He added that the club saves money by not training the team in Florida.



During an early practice session Rich "Hayseed" Chase injured his right ankle when he stole home from rookie catcher David "Cigs" Hagen. In his last press release Dr. Robert Noll, chief medical advisor, told reporters that the injury was only routine and Chase would be ready to pitch by the opening game. Dr. Noll mentioned that the medical report greatly pleased the coaching staff because its members were becoming very apprehensive at the prospect of having to start rookie fastballer Ron "Wildfire" Schaaf in the opener.

Lately there were rumors that club owner John Degenhardt, a syndicated newspaper tycoon, was planning a full page write-up on the team in place of Charlie Brown's column, Peanuts. When he was asked in an interview today about the matter, Mr. Degenhardt refused to make any statement. Charlie Brown's only words on the subject were "good grief!"

XAVIER
"BADMINTON
HALL OF
FAME"



Br. Arnie
V. Will
JOE Rodak
T. Albers
L.V.B.
Pete King (?)

Fr. Spanbauer

Precious Blood Padres have a reputation for being "where the action is." The Admission Office here at St. Joseph's College is just such a place and Father Frank Spanbauer C.P.P.S is the man in charge. Born in Richmond Indiana, on February 26, 1924 to the late Frank Spanbauer of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania and the former Mary Kinderman of Dayton, Ohio. Father Spanbauer's first two years of elementary education were acquired in North Kansas City Missouri, close to Liberty, Missouri (the present site of our own Precious Blood Seminary) Father completed his elementary school education in Medina, New York. His high school years saw him in Decatur, Illinois, where his mother presently resides. The Jolly Giant (5ft, 18 inches tall - 230 lbs.) entered St. Joe's in September of 1941 and was ordained March 25, 1949 at St. Charles Seminary



in Carthagen, Ohio. His ordination class was composed of what may well be called "an all-star cast." Deacons Banet (our president), Grevenkamp (our director of brothers), Schue (general treasurer in Rome), Auman (director of the

Vicariate in South America) and Goettemoeller (rector of Precious Blood Seminary in Liberty, Missouri) are just a few of his fellow ordinands. "A Class of tough competitors," is the way Father Frank describes them.

In a little over 18 years as a priest, Father Spanbauer has enjoyed a wide range of assignments. His first assignment, lasting from 1949 to the summer of 1952 was at St. Anthony's parish in Linton, North Dakota. From the summer of 1952 to the summer of 1956 he was again engaged in parish work at St. Mark's in Cincinnati, Ohio. The summer of 1956 saw him at Immaculate Conception in Celina, Ohio. The summer of 1960, Father was temporarily assigned to St. Joseph's of Dayton, Ohio, while he completed work towards his second college degree. "Somehow the Provincial got the idea (falsely) that I was interested in Education," he relates. The following fall, degree in hand, Father was off to Fon-du-Lac, Wisconsin to become chaplain to the sisters at St. Mary Springs Academy instructor in the coed academy and chaplain of the women's prison (appropriately named "Taychedah" an Indian word for "Place of Rest"). In the summer of 1963, Father Spanbauer returned to St. Joseph's as assistant director of Admissions. June, 1964 he was appointed Director of Admissions, succeeding Fr. Shields, our current Dean of Men. Known to many simply as that office with the responsibility of accepting or rejecting prospective students, the Admissions Office is actively engaged in a vigorous recruitment program. Mr. Ted Lake of Chicago assists Father in that line, visiting high schools, "selling St. Joe's to prospective students." Father Kissner assists in the operation of the office and completes the three-man team. In answering the question "What does St. Joseph's have to offer?" the Courier Club, staffed by secular and religious students assists by welcoming visitors to the campus and showing them around, answering their questions.

The New Look College Bulletin is a product of The Admissions Office. Not simply old wine in new bottles, the bulletin provides an attractive package of handy information for the prospective Puma. For the first time, the bulletin contains seminary program information. Going out to approximately 1500 high schools, an estimated 25,000 young men will have the opportunity to read the particular items on C.P.P.S. priesthood studies. A new policy, introduced under Father's direction is that of sending a copy of the "new look" bulletin and a personal letter of wel-

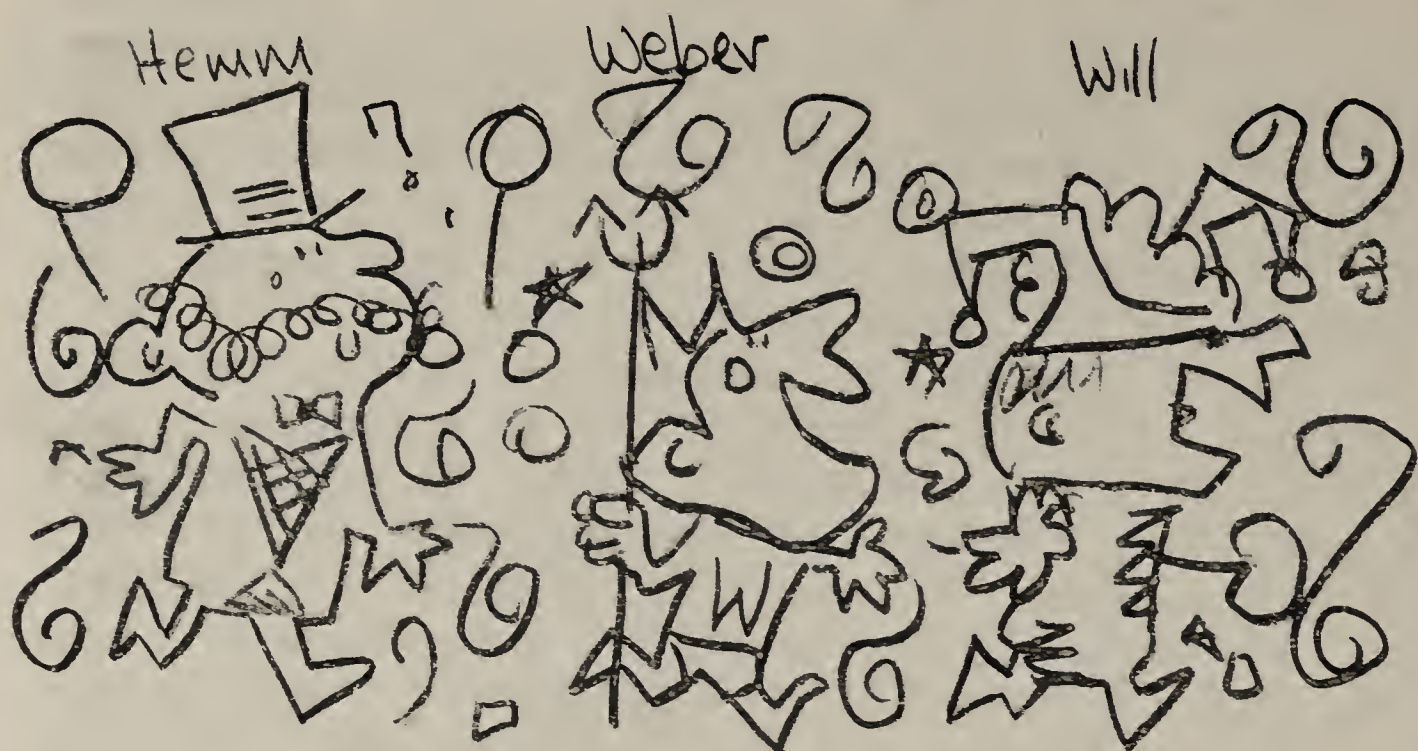
come to every Brunnerdale senior's and junior grad's parents. The major program interest of all prospective students is noted and the chairman of the appropriate department sends a personal letter and departmental brochure. Father Spanbauer feels that all departments should be available to the seminarians too. In the spirit of the renewal, the seminarians should be told what actual jobs and positions are available in our society.

As far as the role of the Admissions Office as that office charged with the responsibility of accepting or rejecting applicants for admission, Father is assisted by a faculty committee. "Numbers are meaningless, and are only of value when related to specific schools or specific students," he explains, discussing the importance of class standings, SAT, ACT Predictive Indices, etc. "Here in Admissions, it was traditional (as when we went through) everybody was raising standards," Father explains. "Our main concern is the new student coming in. Charged with the responsibility of accepting or rejecting him, we use the 'two out of three system.' (IQ, class rank, average). We've employed the computer system for the past 2½ years. If the prospective student is predicted as a 1.60, he's admitted. If not, he's rejected, because the student will suffer when he comes here. He'll come here, flunk out and then nobody wants him.

"We do not, however, use the '1.60' for Brunnerdale graduates. Plans are underway to make a study of it. We will not refuse admission to a Brunnerdale graduate who doesn't predict a 1.60, but expresses the desire to become a priest. The same applies with regard to brother postulants."

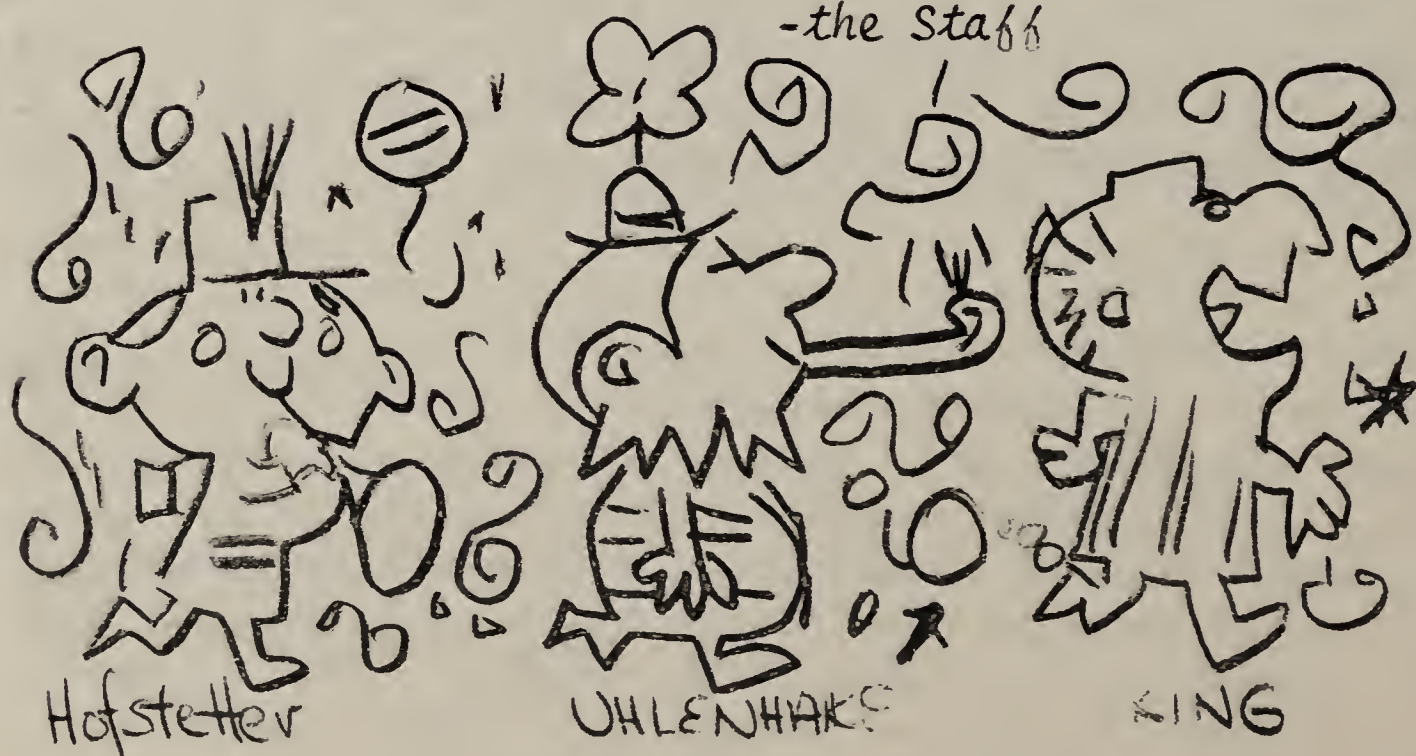
In explaining the acceptance rejection function of the Admissions office, Father Spanbauer says, "St. Joe's wants to keep the doors of Catholic education open to all students reasonably qualified who can make it academically."

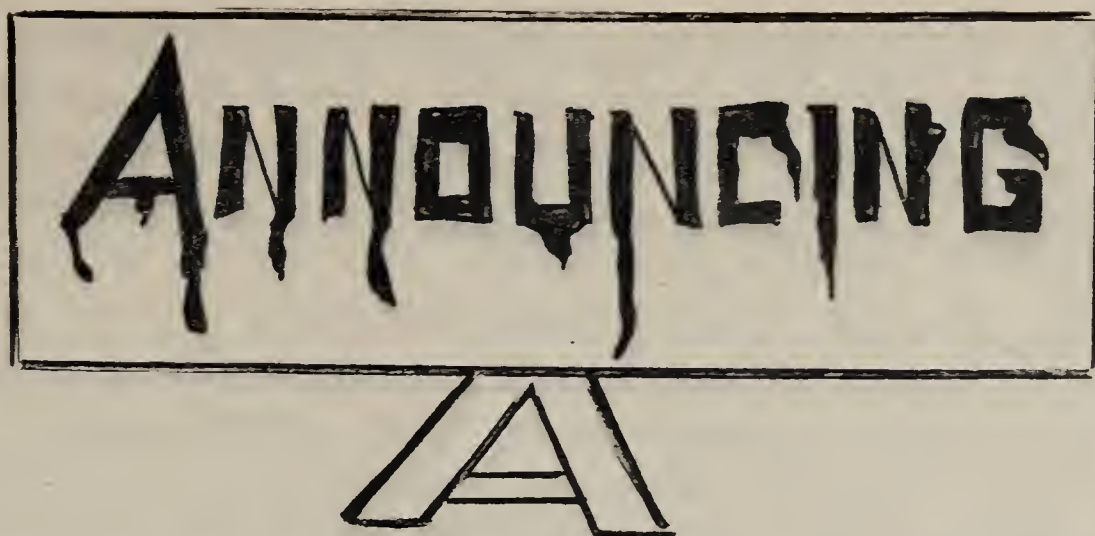
John Cozzens



You, dear reader undoubtedly are demanding an explanation for the cover of this issue. We will NOT attempt to deceive you. The truth is that we had a beautiful cover planned but the weather just would not cooperate. As a result we were forced to crawl back into our files to scrounge up an appropriate cover. The result is evident. What you see is a wild flashback into the past eight months here at Xavier.

-the Staff





--as seen and reported by mother Weber's youngest son, Paul

--FOR RELEASE: Whenever Myrtle gets around to printing it.

PETER AND GORDON ENTERTAIN ON CAMPUS

The scene of another St. Joseph's College "first" was in the fieldhouse on Sunday, February 19, when Peter and Gordon, the famous British combo, entertained a capacity crowd of 2,000. As the student council president pointed out, Peter and Gordon were the first entertainers from England to appear on campus. The show itself was divided into two parts. In the first half the back up group for Peter and Gordon, the Montclairs, sang a variety of songs. Some of the more memorable songs they sang were, "Summer in the City", "Good Things", and "I can make it with you Baby." This group comes from Chicago, and regularly sings commercials for a radio station there, WLS. After a brief intermission Peter and Gordon performed such songs as "I go to Pieces", "My Girl", and such hand-clapping songs as "Lady Godiva", and "Knight in Rusty Armor." Many thanks to our British friends for an enjoyable afternoon.

PICTURES FOR "X"

A strong tradition at Xavier Hall has been for each class to leave individual pictures of its members for framing on the hallowed walls of the "X". This tradition started in ought '49, when the "X" was changed from a coal bin to recreation rooms and work locker space. Individual pictures from each class since then decorate the walls of the back card-playing room. Already the pictures of this year's sixth-years have been taken. The N.E. corner of the PULSE room looked like a veritable photography studio for

the pictures. Three flood-lights mounted on stands combined to make 1500 watts of illumination. A background "screen" was loaned by the tailor shop. We thank Jim Evans and all those who helped for a job well done.

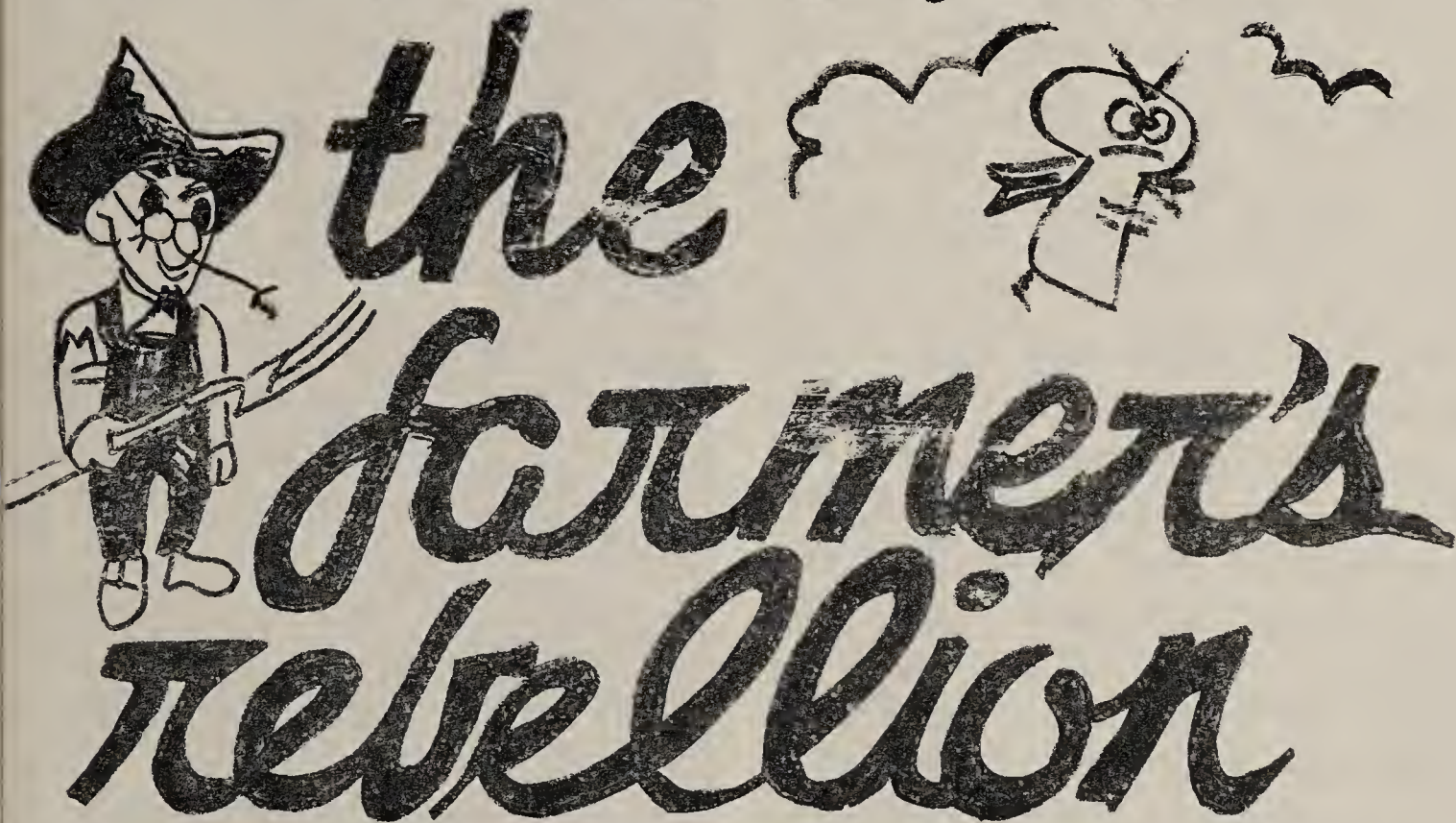
PULSE ROOM RENOVATION COMPLETE

At the beginning of this school year what was called "the PULSE room" contained only a dim light hanging from the ceiling for illumination. Only one electrical outlet was provided for all the electrical equipment needed in the production of PULSE. From this somewhat primitive condition great strides have been made. All the printing supplies and staff desks have long since been moved to the old choir room. A month ago the college electricians rewired the PULSE room. Now eight electrical outlets along the walls of the room provide plenty of power. Also three new fluorescent light fixtures hanging from the ceiling brighten the room considerably. The most recent addition to our PULSE room is an intercom built by Paul Weber. The intercom is hooked up between the sixth-year study hall and the PULSE room. Already it has saved much running up and down the stairs for the PULSE staff.

FROM THE DESK OF THE STUDENT COUNCIL

Parent's Day has officially been set for the weekend of July 1,2. All parents are cordially invited to the festivities. The 5th year class has elected a new vice-president, Peter King. The former v.p., Jim Evans, resigned the post at the beginning of March. Carl Hess was elected organizer of the "Little 500" race for Xavier Hall at a student body meeting. Carl is responsible for the construction of the Xavier racer and the picking of the top ten runners for the event. Good luck to all racers. Stan Rickert was elected as the new B.P. representative to the Student Council, replacing Steve Wise. The prayer leader for evening prayers will now be situated in the front of chapel and equipped with a microphone. The purpose for this is to give the secular students who wish to pray a chance to follow the prayers and also to make them more intelligible and meaningful to ourselves.

The campus of Saint Joseph College was alive with..... farmers! The Jasper County Co-op was holding their agricultural convention in the beautiful confines of Halleck Center. A spokesman for the agrarians stated concerning the Center, "It's the darndest biggest barn in these here parts...that's why we chosed it." All day long the sounds of threshers, huskers, tractors, trucks and hay wagons bounced from stately hall to stately hall. This fabulous activity brought a great response from the "free-soilers" of Xavier. An elite group of farmers made up of Mercer boys decided to send a delegation to the proceedings. Carl Hess, "the Cartagena Crusher," was elected (they drew STRAWS) to represent the Ohio Soil delegation. The Jasper County commission gladly jumped at the chance to have outside guests attend their convention. Little did they realize that by allowing the Mercer boys in would they cause the biggest drought and ruckus Saint Joe's and Rensselaer have ever seen. Thus began the...



the farmer's rebellion

The Xavier delegation received the news of their acceptance to the convention with mixed emotions. Most were overjoyed at the prospect of meeting fellow farmers and skeptical of being accepted so easily. With high spirits the group approached Halleck Center on the chosen day. As it turned out the group's attitude was doomed from the very beginning. It could be summed up by saying "into the valley of manure walked the Mercer seven."



The first thing on the "terra" agenda was a short talk by the president of the Jasper County Agricultural Committee, Mr. U.R. Husked. Mr. Husked knowingly hypnotized his audience. The Mercer Boys were fascinated with his story and did not realize they had fallen under his control. He roused the furor of the farm boys. Angered by the speech, the agrarians stormed back to Xavier. Just what was it that so aroused the men? What could have possibly sent these perfectly stable boys into fits of earthy anger? It was found out that they were inflamed by the fact that the administration of the college had installed pop machines to replace the milk normally used for the meals. Mr. Husked impressed on their young minds that all this succeeded in doing



was putting the poor Jasper Milk Producers out of business. The Mercer Boys took it upon themselves to remedy this terrible situation.



That very night "the Crusher" called a meeting of Farmers Anonymous. They had to formulate a plan to combat the evils infringing upon the rights of their fellow farmers. The meeting took place in the silo. "The Crusher" called the meeting to order and took role. All were present and accounted for. They were all there--the big men on the farm scene--Furd "the wagon" Brinkman, Ken "Cooley" Hohenbrink, John "Fency" Hoying, Ron "Fred" Hoying, Jim Langenfarmer and Mike "Thresher" Bornhorst. The first thing on the agenda was to read a recently written ode to former President Don Link.



"First and foremost in the land, to take his plow and make a stand, to defend all the farmers' rights, he fought and won 45 fights. All hail Don Link!"

This done the members delved into the serious business at hand. BARNhorst suggested that the group break the pop machines. This was vetoed because the guys were against violence unless absolutely necessary. Finally after an hour of deliberation "Ferd" came up with the perfect solution. Why not picket the dining room? All agreed that this was indeed an ingenious plan.

At 11:55 the next morning the magnificent seven met at the barn. Hussy took command. "Prepare to mount! Mount!" And away in a cloud of rising dust drove the tractor-mounted battlers. What a truly tremendous sight they made. Proud veterans of many a wheat-field battle, outlined against the misty, grey, Indiana sky. Seven long, beautiful, purring tractors in one, long, seemingly unending line with pennants flying from their radio antennas. Loving signs painted on the sides of their machines reading "Milk or Bust", "Boo Homogenizers", "George Lincoln Rockwell drank Milk"! etc.



At 12:00 exactly they reached their destination: the college chapel cafeteria. Dismounting, they formed the picket line. After an hour of marching and re-marching they broke into a fitting protest song:

"Good Farm'n, Good Farm'n
 I was feel'n so bad
 asked the veterinarian just what I had
 I said Vety, Mr. M.D.
 Can you tell me, what's ail'n me?
 He said yeah yeah yeah!
 Yeah yeah yeah!
 Could be, all you really need,
 is GOOD FARM'n..." (sung to "Good Lovin")



Tired out from the day's long duty, the farmer heroes retired confident of future victory. That sought-after victory was a long time in coming. Day after weary day, the hypnotized Mongie farmers walked and retraced their picketing walkway. The wear and tear of the duty was beginning to show. Any criticism hurled at them was answered with a barrage of good old fertilizer. Things around the Mongie hall were getting a bit messy and it was becoming a necessity to wear boots to chapel. Something had to be done fast. The student body met in a closed session and it was suggested that we send for the man from "AA" (Agrarians Anonymous). A quick telegram was sent out and a reply was received the next day:

WESTERN ONION:

Mongies; stop. Will catch the first hay wagon to Rensselaer; stop. Hope to quell the potential riot; stop. Will bring my anti-farmer gun. bag of oats, ragweed, and plans for a new outhouse; stop. Have high hopes can accomplish job; stop. Please forward any additional info; stop.

Have tractor will
travel; stop.



Carp Cahoon

Since Rensselaer didn't have a Hay Port, Mr. Cahoon would have to "wagon" to Walcott and then catch a plane to the Jasper County Airport. It was with a sigh of relief that the Mongies donned their boots for what they hoped would be the last time.

In the meantime the pop drinkers had retaliated : and attempted to prevent the menial delivery of milk by Mr. Schuster. Due to this, the farmers had delegated two of their number to act as permanent guard for the milk caravan.



Mr. Cahoon, knowing his subjects were in a hypnotic state, set about to cure them. First he read the dictionary to them hoping one of the words in it would bring them out of the trance. The result was disheartening. They reacted only remotely to one word: "Beer". At the mere mentioning of this word their tongues flopped out and their eyes rolled around. Cahoon had only one chance and he was determined to take it. He rounded the bitter farmers through the cafeteria line and brought them to a table. They ordered milk. In a white glass they were served beer. In a fraction of a second they snapped out of the trance and ordered a "keg of MILK".....and then more.....and then more..... Having recovered their senses they promised to stop picketting and returned the tractors. Entirely drunk they mounted their tractors for the return trip to the barn. But then disaster struck. Being fully stoned each in turn fell off his tractor only to be run over by the following machine. The sole survivor was the "Carthagena" Crusher, Carl Hess, who was driving the last machine. Speaking of the passing of his friends Hessy had this to say:

"Wall, I'm just glad and tickled pink that they died the way they lived--on their tractors!" With these elegiac words he launched into a mournful funeral song.....

"O'le McDonald had a farm
yeeei, yeeei, ohhhh
And on his farm..."

Brad Uhlenhake



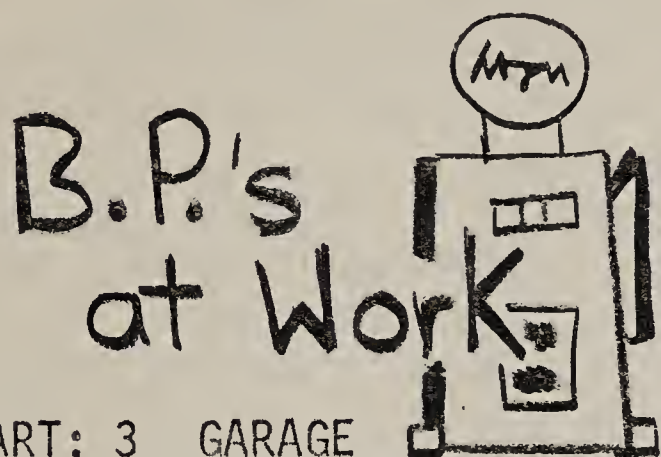
—PULSE-PROBLEMS—

There are many steps involved in putting out a newspaper such as the PULSE. The first step is assigning the articles. At the beginning of the month a number of articles is assigned to different members of the hall. Usually a notice of about three weeks is given to those who are writing articles. After the articles are assigned the list is carefully studied and pictures are selected to be taken for the different articles. After all the pictures are selected a list of the pictures and their sizes is given to the photographers who in turn proceed to take the pictures and make negatives of them the size specified by the editor. After all the articles are received and okayed by the proper persons they go through a process which is called "slop-sheeting". The purpose of "slop-sheeting" is to make the right margins even. A line on a "slop-sheet" looks like this: "In the last issue of PULSE///." The three slash marks at the end of the line indicate to the typist that three extra spaces are to be placed in this line on the final copy. After all the articles are "slopped" they are "laid out". That is, they are placed just as they will be in the final copy, with room left for the headlines and pictures. After the lay-out is completed it is given to the typists who in turn type the copy on offset masters. After all the masters have been typed they are given to the art editor who draws in the headlines. After this process they are ready to be printed. The printer takes the masters and prints all the typed copy and headlines. After all the pages are finished he takes the negatives which the photographers have made and masks them into a mechanical negative. A mechanical negative is simply a large piece of fibrous paper through which light cannot penetrate. After all the pictures have been masked in the mechanical negative is placed over a light sensitive master. A flood lamp is then turned onto the mechanical negative and the master for approximately five minutes. After this the printer takes the master, fastens it to the machine and then proceeds to print all of the pictures. These have to be centered on the page so that they don't interfere with the "already-printed" type. In this printing process each sheet of paper is run through the machine at least two times and at most four times. (If colored ink is being used, each sheet is run

through the machine a maximum of six times.) After the ink has had sufficient time to dry the pages are folded on the folding machine.

The final step involves approximately fifteen people. Each person gets one page and hands it to the person next to him -- assembly line style. At the end of the line, after each page has been added, two people staple the finished copy. After this the final copies of PULSE are either handed out or placed in the mail.

Tim Hemm



PART: 3 GARAGE

The St. Joe College garage is located about a mile west of the campus. Various operations are performed in this popular structure. Along with the usual oil changes, grease jobs, and general tune-ups, many specific jobs are performed on the various vehicles, such as ring and valve jobs, installation of transmissions, brake jobs, and other major overhauls. However the most popular defect in the cars and the trucks is the flat tire, which takes up a good part of our time. The chief mechanic is Harry, "Tarzan" Steinkamp of Rensselaer, and his assistant is brother postulant, Jim Greer. Other members of the gang include the general maintenance crew of Brother Larry, Tom Fos-



sum, Paul Weber, and Bert Woolson. The gang operates on a six-day a week basis servicing some seventeen working vehicles owned by the college, about fifty priest's cars, and seven community-owned house cars, and of course helping care for the farm vehicles. The general maintenance crew keeps all these cars and trucks gassed and washes the cars. A note to Father Eilerman -- If you ever want to know how we fix your carburetor, please note picture.

J. Greer

"Big 500"

The Appian Way celebrates its birthday every year by hosting St. Joe's most anticipated affair, "the Little 500". Although only about a quarter mile in length, some area race fans acclaim it the most treacherous track in Indiana, that is, next to Indianapolis.

On April 22 at one P.M. the wagons and tricycles and such other vehicles begin their gruelling three hour race for speed and endurance. Each entry selects a driver and ten runners to compete in the contest.

Xavier Hall, this year will feature a new look in the "Mongie Racing Team." After the tremendous effort last year, which ended in second place, less than half a lap behind the winner, Aquinas Hall, the Mongie Nation is out for victory. Last year the Mongies had 99 laps, one short of the record-setting 100. Xavier boasted only one "all Little 500 pusher", namely, Mike Zimmerle.

Last year's car "the Fluorescent Fling" has been re-designed by designer and chief-mechanic, Carl "the Carthage Crusher" Hess and his assistants, "Ford" Brinkman and "Carp" Cahoon. The "Crusher" will also serve as chief mechanic for the race. This year the pushing team will feature an all new look, with Captain "Vic" Rettig leading the way. The only holdovers from last year's team are Al Ebach and "Rip" Jerwers.

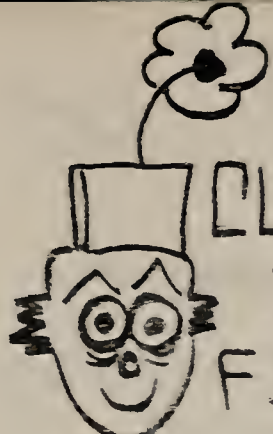
"The Mongie Racing Team" is currently holding daily workouts in preparation. The driver, Steve Sinkovich has proclaimed himself "ready" for the gruelling ordeal. Last year's race saw only about half the field roll over the line.

Other members of the team are "Ha Ha" Hofstetter, Dan O'Neil, Jim Gessler, Grass and Blade (Lothamer and Pritz), Jim "Tongue" Field (requested by Mike Smith), and Mike Bornhorst.

In an exclusive interview with the "Crusher", it was learned of the possibility of a second car, pending the soon--to--be--issued rules for the race. The car is to be called "the Little--Red--Apple" and a driver and pushers have already been chosen.

Good luck to both teams and a word of warning if you are participating: "Forget about eating lunch that day."

T. Fossum



CLOWN- I FICATION OF GASPAR

Gaspar del Bufalo? It's either a friendly ghost or a large brown cow...

Society, as a whole, has a foggy, if any, impression of St. Gaspar. This certainly is not surprising since he was canonized only a few years ago and was never widely known. What is alarming is the mangled impression of the herald of the Precious Blood carried by C.P.P.S. seminarians. Is St. Gaspar to be recognized as the great saint that he is or as a weak-livered tit-sy pritzel.

Partly at fault for creating a fuzzy conception is the artistry in which we find our founder portrayed--the art history student might call it Early Italian Corn. It is more properly labelled unrealistic and idealistic. It is difficult to feel admiration for the figure of a sweetly smiling tilly, floating three feet off the ground with a lamb tucked under one arm and with the ever present halo--shining as brightly as a 5:30 dorm light bulb.

It is difficult to pinpoint the exact reason for, or moment of Gaspar's "clowninization." Perhaps when as Brunnerdalians we first discovered that the directors were for Gaspar we immediately, automatically became against. At any rate now is the time to recognize Gaspar as a man and a saint, who lived in the same world as we do, albeit in a different time and place. When he was held in a damp dungeon he was cold. When he was hungry his stomach rumbled. When he traveled his feet hurt. When he listened to John Merlini's sick jokes he wished he was back in the dungeon.

He did at times rise from the ground, but he always came back down. He came down to walk among the thieves and greasers of the slums of Rome. He was a he-man, not the Tarzan loin cloth variety or the isometrics advertisement. Gaspar was the kind of man who could stand up to Napoleon when other priests were conveniently being converted to Napoleon's point of view.

In short, Gaspar was not unlike other men, only better. He was a very good man in a very real world. He deserves better recognition than a holy card or an elephant joke.

M. Ploetz

SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE RENEWAL —

On Saturday, April 1, Silent Sunday, a long-established custom in the religious community of Saint Joseph's College felt its second big change in format in less than a year. The first of these changes took place last September when Silent Sunday, in effect, became Silent Saturday Night. This change was necessitated because of Frs. Bierberg and Kostka's desire to have the seminarians share their Sunday Mass with the secular students.

The change made April first was initiated by Fr. Bierberg to give us an even closer association with God during our time of silence. The bible vigil which had previously surrounded Fr. Bierberg's lesson was replaced by a concelebrated Mass. This Mass, intended as an experiment this first time, won the overwhelming approval of those involved. The seminarians appreciated the extra sleep they received that morning by not having to rise at 5:30 for Community Mass. But, far more important than any advantages such as this, the Mass brought together in one family all of the priests, brothers, brother postulants, and seminarians on campus. It broke the monotony of the early morning Mass syndrome. While it is very often difficult for even the strongest person to give proper honor and glory to God at 5:30 every morning, almost everyone finds it easier and more fruitful when this chain can be broken once in a while.

The most impressive part of the night was the spirit with which everyone took part. Besides the "shining symbolism" of the early Christians in Fr. Bierberg's sermon, there was also a kind of "shining symbolism" in the congregation itself. Concelebrants, choir and people, the entire gathering, was a family, not a collection of individuals and types. When the kiss of peace was given, it didn't matter who was supposed to hold the elbows and who was supposed to hold the shoulders; all that mattered was the spirit, and that spirit was there.

In the constant renewal the church expects from her communities these days Fr. Bierberg has shown himself an able and intelligent initiator. Thank you, Fr. Bierberg, and may this not be the last step you take as a renewer, but only the first.

T. Brown



This article will appear in two parts -- see the next issue for its conclusion.

If we conduct a sequential study of the likelihood of intelligent life elsewhere in the universe, we note that man's early wireless transmissions seem to have been noted and returned. The experiments by Professor David Todd for the U.S. Navy in 1924 hinted at some sort of intelligence that was capable of putting signals, however bizarre, on our recording device, however crude. The advent of the UFO's which followed our first nuclear explosions, and the flurry of UFO's which seem to manifest interest in our high-altitude rockets, and, eventually, our satellites must also be taken into consideration as an important part of the whole picture of the phenomena.

Prior to the development of the German V-2 rocket in the midst of World War II, man had no effective tool for reaching out into space. The V-2 was a comparatively primitive piece of space hardware but it showed what might be done, given thousands of scientists and billions of dollars.

Some compelling reason induced both the Soviet Union and the United States to embark on fantastically expensive space programs. That these long-range devices would be of great military value was obvious. But both nations quickly showed a remarkable interest in the moon, that non-beligerent lover's lamp which has served earth so long and so well.

So in order to secure Congressional approval to divert so many billions of dollars to such an unusual project, the spokesman for the Defense Department went to Capitol Hill and solemnly told Congress, and the press, that the moon had great military value. "The conventional slogan of the moon-shooters was that the nation that rules the moon rules the world."

This was pure fiction, of course, but before it could be effectively exposed as such it served to get our "Man to the Moon" program well under way.

When the military necessity theme wore thin and still more billions were needed, the proponents of the drive into outer space pinned their demands on the vital "necessity" for scientific research, and spiced it with hints that we were losing a "space race" to Soviet Russia. Other than a blow to our pride, it was never really explained what great advantage Russia would derive from landing a man on that reportedly bleak, barren and inhospitable orb 250,000 miles from home.

Let us examine the chronological sequence which seems to indicate a relationship between the doings of man and the interest of the UFO's.

It was roughly one year after the first atomic bombs were exploded before these strange craft began to appear in Europe. Since we do not know what maximum speeds they can attain, in their various devices, it is idle to speculate on why there was that lapse of time, assuming that they were attracted by the A-Bomb flashes or radiation. Perhaps they were surprised by the bombs and it took them some time to organize their expeditions. At any rate there was that one year interval between the event on Earth and the arrival of the UFO's.

Since that time, however, the interval has been much shorter, generally only a matter of two or three days if there is any interval at all. This might be construed to mean that these devices are based either in some isolated spot on earth or on some relatively nearby object, natural or artificial. A logical suspect would be the moon.

The wealth of oddities which have been noted on the lunar surface is nothing short of astounding. In 1879, two years after man first noted that Mars had two very bright satellites, we discovered that our own satellite was pock-marked with lights and lines and geometric figures where none had been seen before. The British Astronomical Society asked its members to report such anomalies as they discovered them, in the hope that scientists might be able to discern some attempt at communication with us. After only two years the Society had to ask to be released from its proposal; more than two-thousand reports of oddities on the moon had been recorded in that two-year period. Of this deluge the scientist could only conclude that the

moon must be a very strange place, beyond their understanding

Major Patrick Powers, head of the United States Army Space Development Program wrote in Family Circle magazine that in his opinion "the first men to reach the moon must be prepared to fight for the privilege of landing."

In December of 1962, at the convention of the American Rocket Society in Los Angeles, the speaker was Dr. Carl Sagan, the advisor on Extra-Terrestrial Life to the Armed Services. Dr. Sagan told his audience that mankind must be prepared to face the probability that we have already been visited by intelligent beings from elsewhere in the universe - and that they have - or have had - bases on the averted side of the moon.

By that time we were already involved in a twenty-billion dollar program to send men to the moon. We had already designed and were building devices to photograph the moon at close range before crashing into it. And we had already arranged for many observatories, including Palomar to devote as much telescope time as possible to studying the moon, which had long ago been abandoned as a major astronomical project in favor of more distant and more difficult objects.

To date, Russia has sent two photographic devices close enough to the moon to make and return pictures of reasonable quality. Please note that upon both occasions the device photographed the AVERTED side of the moon, they did not take a single picture of the near side of the moon. Russia showed no interest in the side of the moon where she hopes to land a man but devoted all her efforts to filming the averted side, where Dr. Sagan suggested that someone may already have landed.

Our own photographic lunar probes had a long record of mystifying failures before we finally scored. Known as the Ranger Series, six of them went out and slammed into the moon without returning a single picture. Number seven finally came through for us by producing, in the summer of 1964, a total of 4,320 pictures of surprising clarity before it banged into the lunar landscape. One of those pictures which showed two large lumpy white objects in one of the pits, was recalled and briefly "classified" then released with the explanation that the strange objects were only rocks. Since this explanation was only a guess

from 250,000 miles away, it carries little conviction.

The pictures by Ranger Seven were featured in newspapers and magazines for weeks; that is, the "selected" pictures which were released were widely published. They were our first close-up look at the moon. They had been frightfully expensive, but they were remarkably detailed and interesting.

While Ranger Eight sent back about 7,000 pictures a few months later, pictures that were admittedly far more detailed than those of its predecessor, you will have to dig to find them in any quantity in the public prints. They were so much better photographically, that they were correspondingly more interesting. But after a small initial release of "selected" frames they dropped out of sight.

Photographically, they were better pictures. They were also pictures of an unusually active area of the moon. An area where astronomers reported the appearance of dome-shaped objects that would appear and disappear, flashing lights of different colors, and in June of 1965 a strange brilliant white ray of light that streamed out of Aristar-lunar disc. The ray would last for several seconds and then disappear. This continued to appear throughout the next several months.

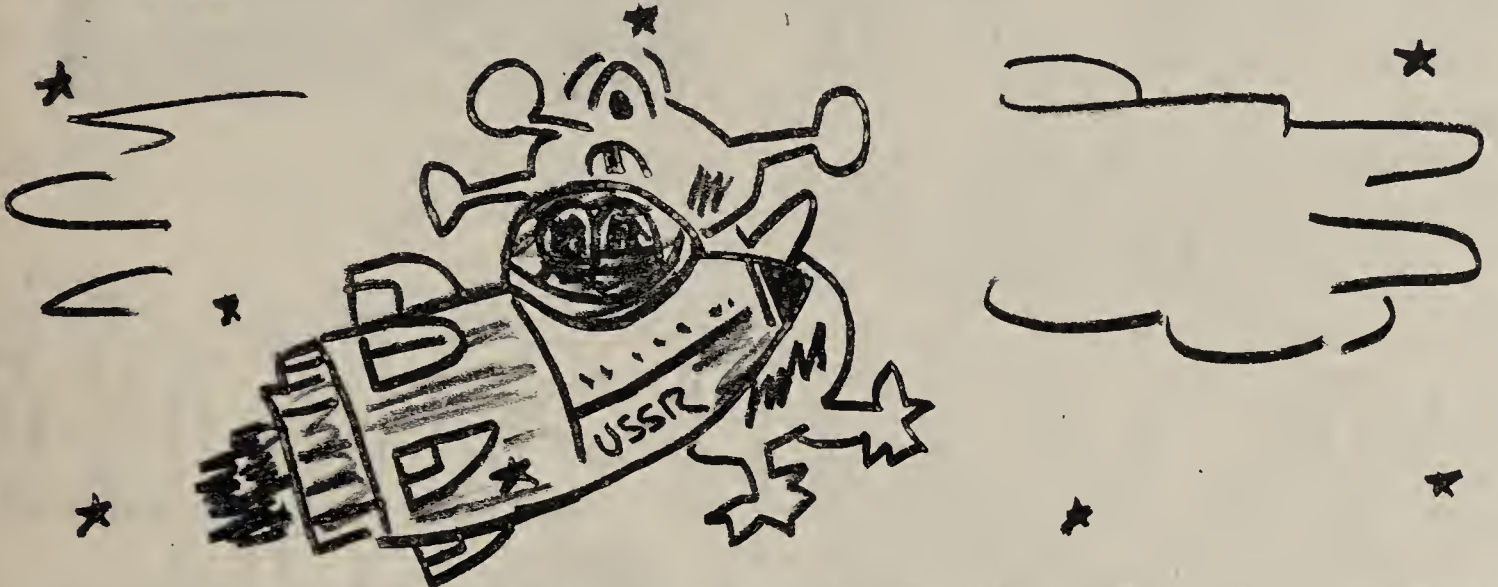
Few of these pictures were exhibited, which leads to the suspicion that perhaps they may have shown too much. In the present state of affairs between the government and the public, it seems improbable that we shall ever know just what the Ranger Eight pictures did show. The crater Alphonsus, true, but what did they tell us about that crater that was new and different?

We have already seen how, on at least one occasion, a Russian space capsule was paced by a controlled UFO. There is one other recorded instance of a similar incident involving a Soviet space capsule. On February 17, 1961, a pair of Soviet Cosmonauts, a man and a woman were launched into orbit. Due to some malfunctions, they were unable to return from orbit and they presumably died in space. As the doomed pair orbited over Europe in the early evening hours of February 24, 1961, tracking stations at Bachum, Mendon, and Turin listened to their reports. The pair described their physical condition as good, but they added that their air supply was about gone and their lights had failed. The man's voice reported that the dials were vir-

tually impossible to read at that time. He added that the incoming radio signals were weak. Then the woman's voice cut in excitedly:

"I'll take it and hold tight with my right hand! Look out the peephole! Look out the peephole! O how it..."

After a few seconds the male voice burst in: "Here! Here is something! There is something. If we do not get out ~~the~~ world will never know about it! It is difficult--!"



At this point there were few unintelligible fragmentary voice sounds -- then their base station cut in to announce that it was 8 P.M. Moscow time.

From the study of their expressions and their words, it is clear that the doomed couple in that Soviet capsule had seen something unusual near them in space -- something that first startled and then terrified them. That incident occurred six weeks after a comparable case involving one of our space shots.

Sources for this article are as follows:

Flying Saucers - Serious Business

Flying Saucers Have Landed

The Riddle of Flying Saucers

D, Borgert

(This article concluded in next issue)

With the blossoming season of spring we too have attempted to shed our winter humor (not Henry) and come forth with a new and fresh approach.

Right away we would like to extend a warm "thank you" to the practical nurses of Harvey House whom, we are told, read our column with fascination. If you girls were only here you would be petrified, NOT fascinated. It is easy to understand why nurses would enjoy PULSE. We do not want to NEEDLE you too much so seriously thanks a lot.



ramb lin os

A detailed line drawing of a vintage microphone, showing its grille, body, and stand.

REFLECTIONS AFTER SERVING
WINE AT THE SHAREHOLDERS
BANQUET:

Well Xavier let's go back to Hessie. Say, see you did how wine drank his Brother Leo. Boy, Fr. Rodak really table a nice group at his had. Did you hear that one nut asked for six urns of water. Cow holy!



Mike and I have often sat in the PULSE room (they've enlarged it) together and wondered aloud: "Wouldn't it be nice if..."

Wouldn't it be nice if...Jad could visit convents?

Wouldn't it be nice if...Rip's nickname were "Dog"?

Wouldn't it be nice if...We'd find out who those guys in the blue jackets are?

Wouldn't it be nice if...The junior grads didn't "click" so well together?"

Wouldn't it be nice if...Victor's nickname were "loser"?

Wouldn't it be nice if...Mr. Walsh got a lifetime subscription to Reader's Digest?

Wouldn't it be nice if...Doug B. could appear on "The Invaders"?

Wouldn't it be nice if...the chanters didn't have chronic sore throats? What?...They don't?

Wouldn't it be nice if...Fr. McKay didn't censor PULSE articles? (Smurd thinks so),

Wouldn't it be nice if...Rogers' first name were "Dale"?

Wouldn't it be nice if...Pius and Carp had their own boards?

Wouldn't it be nice if..."Seltzer" got a flat top?

Wouldn't it be nice if..."Minnesota's" nickname were "Virgin Islands?"

(The following added by Fr. McKay)

Wouldn't it be nice if...all the writers in Xavier Hall were prudent, intelligent, etc... (then there wouldn't be need of censorship.)

Veni, Vidi, Ace'd it! Well, passing through the forum (Lockera via) I spied "our Julius" looking over packs of L&M's at a local fag stand. I nudged Brutus JadCaesar and whispered, "Did you ace the Latin Periculum Jad?" Discarding his usual Clevelandesse he replied, "vere, et tu Cleo? Of course I had too much pride to admit that I had got a "vidi" on my exam. Jad gathered up his thread and "Lucius et Marcus" (L&M's) and strolled off. When the royal toga master passes out those pearly gowns we all know J.C. (JadgChew) will merit the one trimmed in red.

Did you know that Noah lived during the reign of Fourtius Dies?

I've been soliciting sponsors from the neighborhood to help Father Kuhns put on the "See Kaye Quiz Hour". So far these businesses have agreed to sponsor the exciting show:

Wilkerson Cleaners

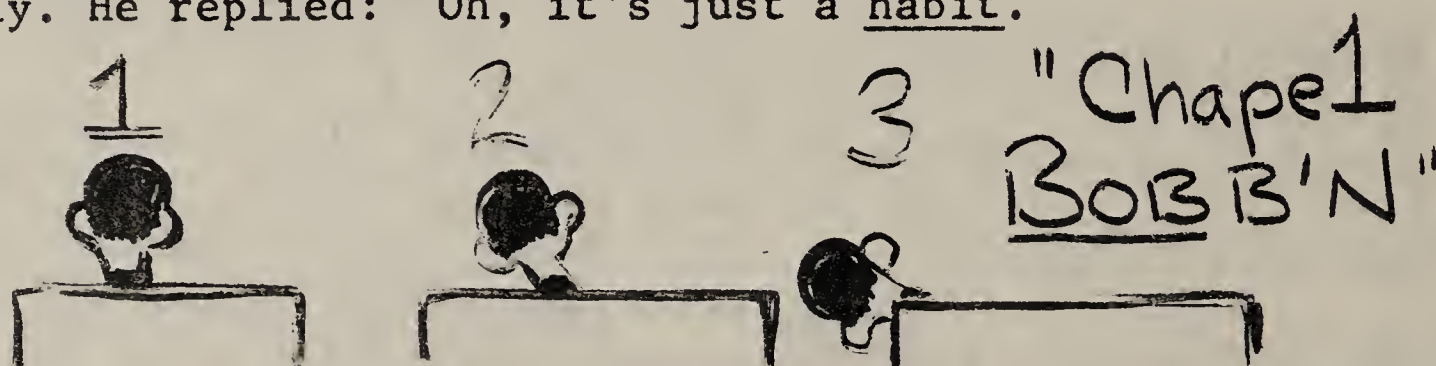
The Lee-oh Fern Company

Charwomen Inc.

Buhrman Printing

Winners will be flown by Cozzens Airlines Inc. for a twelve month all expenses paid vacation in Burkettsville.

I asked Reilly why he was putting on his cassock so early. He replied: "Oh, it's just a habit."



WHAT WILL THEY BE DOING IN THE FUTURE?

Dennis Jerwers will become the nation's number 1 cigarette taster.

Andrew O'Reilly will become an entertainer in his flea circus.

Michael Tierney will become an outstanding sportswriter -- for his inability to pick winners.

Jim Field and Jim Ballmann will be fighting for Provincial in the year 1980.

Jack Sowar will become the President of Greenwich Village.

Dan Rogers will become one of Fort Lauderdale's main attractions during Easter vacations.

Frank Pritz will be bald (by 1968) and a celebrity -- would you believe in the Gillette Razor Blade commercials

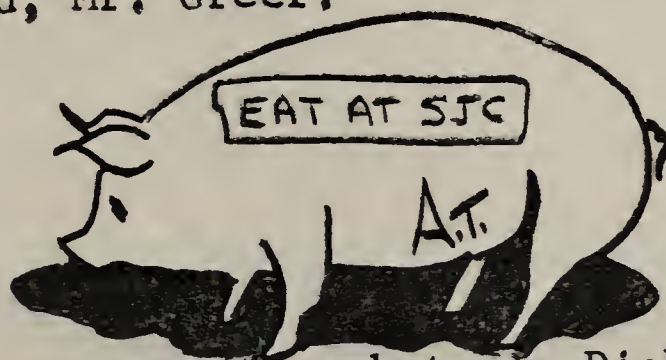
"Oink? Oink!?" Is it a talking Cannabis sativa? No! Could it be Dan Glazier eating breakfast, lunch or supper? It could be, but not in this case. Give up? It's Teegarden's latest playmate and roommate, a small, mud-splattered pig. Asa acquired the creature to enhance the appearance of his room. Of course when the news got around, which by the way took approximately two and a half minutes, the entire student body was sickened and terrified at the thought of President Johnson sending his Poverty Militia into action against this Appalacian stronghold in Indiana. Among the loudest objectors was R. Henry Winter. Henry feared that investigators might declare the area surrounding the electric shop as another location fit to be cleaned up. The situation looked hopeless until, James Greer, Ph.D., M.A., B.A., B.S., in Philosophy, Psychology, Book-binding, Mathematics, Physics, Clock and Watch Repairing, Garage Technician, Agriculture, Botany, Truck Driving, Astronomy, and Law offered his "free" advice. Our Ramblings reporter was offered an exclusive interview with this master-genius.

R.R.: Mr. Greer, could you tell us how this situation has occurred?

Mr. G.: I'd be delighted. Asa, as I see it from a psychoanalysts point of view, is suffering from acute vomititus domus. He longs to be identified with his native land and customs.

R.R.: But Mr. Greer, isn't this foreign to these areas of Kentucky today?

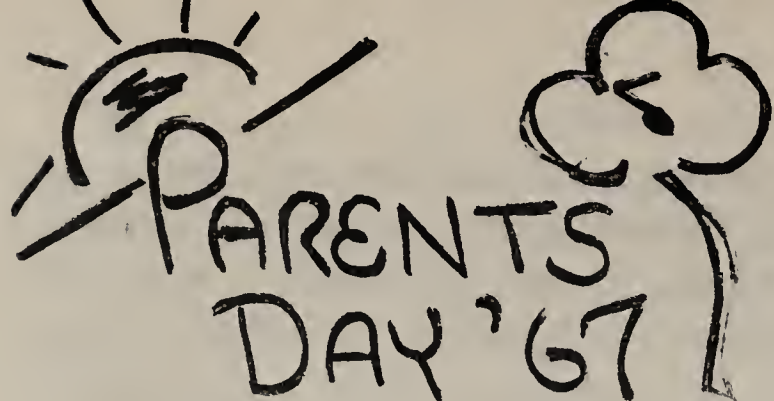
Mr. G.: To anyone but me, this would be the case...R.R. Thank you, Mr. Greer.



A Saturday night conversation between Dick Moser and Pete King:

Dick: Hey Pete! Do you know when 5:30 Mass is tomorrow?

Pete: Sure stupid! at 5:30, but would you happen to know where it is going to be?



PARENTS DAY '67

Once again seminarians and brother postulants are beginning to develop plans for the annual Parent's Day. Among the many activities in store for the first weekend in July, is a banquet served by the Seminarians in the luxurious, air-conditioned Halleck Center. Following the filling meal, served in a relaxing atmosphere, many of us will exhibit our unlimited talents in a variety show in the Ballroom. Singers, musicians, and comedians are only a few of the many acts that will be enjoyed. Before retiring for the night refreshments will be available in the basement of Halleck Center. Then our parents will find their way to their rooms, provided for them in dormitories here on campus, so that they won't have to travel at night to far-away motels. Incidentally, the hall provided for the housing of our mothers, will be air-conditioned for their added comfort.

The freshness of a Sunday summer morning will find families attending Mass in the college chapel. The remainder of the morning allows ample time to visit in

the plush atmosphere of the lounges of Halleck Center. During this time of visiting those of us who haven't received visitors, will be busily preparing a variety of foods for a delicious lunch to be served in a Buffet Style.

Concluding the weekend, fathers and sons will find themselves in the scenic surroundings of Xavier Park competing in a soft-ball game. Seating will be provided for the women and also for those who wish, just to look on. Cold drinks will be available to suppress the thirsts of a hot summer afternoon.

Those parents who wish to stay over until Monday morning are more than welcome to take advantage of the rooms we have provided for their relaxation and comfort.

To sum up, Parent's Day is a time set aside among the hum-drum activities of our summer life for our parents so that we can in some way show our appreciation for the innumerable sacrifices they have offered for us over these many years. It's also a weekend dedicated to the enjoyment and relaxation of our parents. And we will try our utmost to make it just that.

J. Jadgchew

SJC:

SUNK



On Thursday, March 9, the students of Saint Joseph's College began their Easter vacation. This vacation was not scheduled to begin on March 9. It was supposed to have started on March 20. Why did Easter vacation start so early?



St. Joseph's College has a water system. Most colleges do. But throughout the years, the plumbers of St. Joseph's College have neglected this water system. How does this water system work?



At St. Joseph's there is a one hundred foot water tower. A system of wells pumps water into this tower, which supplies the college with water. In these wells there is a filtering system, which cleans and purifies the water. This filtering system is supposed to be cleaned out once in a while. But, on March 7, because of the neglect of the plumbers, the screen which filters the water became so clogged with dirt that the water was backed up in the well.

It wasn't long before the pressure in the water tower dropped from 100 pounds to 10 pounds. (A pound of pressure is exerted upon the water for every foot of water in the tower). Something had to be done. St. Joseph's called upon the thriving, industrial, cosmopolitan municipality of Rensselaer for help.



A fire hose was brought from Rensselaer on March 7, and another on March 8. Together, these water lines supplied 310,000 gallons of water per day.

Now, the laundry had been closed in order to conserve water. When this facility operates on a full scale basis, the college uses 200,000 gallons of water per day. With this facility closed, 310,000 gallons of water was more than twice the amount needed for the college water system. But oddly enough, on March 8, with the laundry closed,

THE STUDENTS OF ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE USED
350,000 GALLONS OF WATER IN JUST ONE DAY!



In each of the residence halls at St. Joseph's College there are several washrooms. The secular students went into these washrooms and used as much water as they could.

Sinks were left running day and night. Toilets were clogged up with trash and beer cans (beer, by the way, is not permitted on campus). The toilets overflowed. Showers gushed forth at full speed, in an effort to consume the water.



Why did the students of St. Joseph's College waste this water?

They wasted it
because they knew
that if the college
were deprived of its water,
it would have to close.

The students
would
be
sent
home.

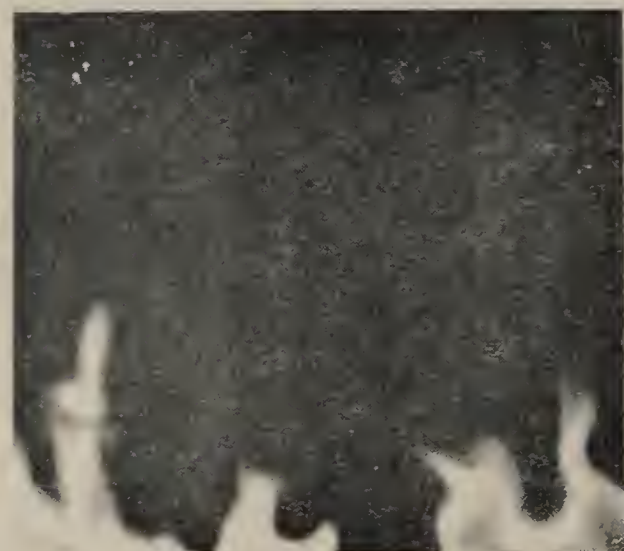
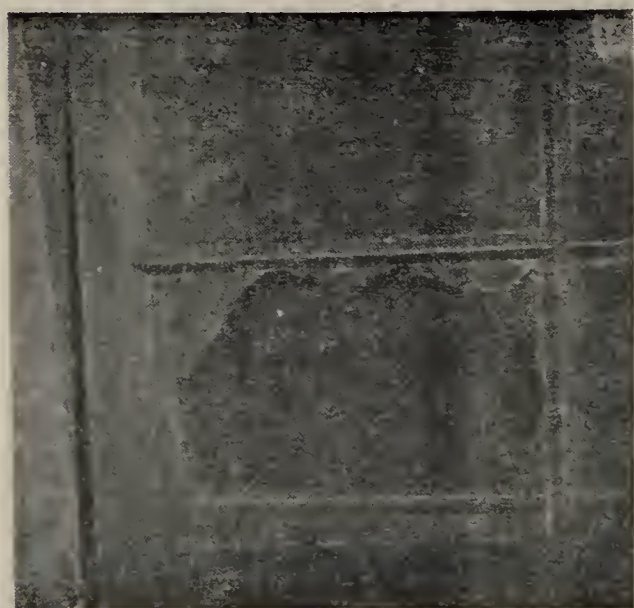


March 9. The sky was overcast. The secular students were up at the crack of dawn, armed with water-wasting ideas for the day's combat. Combat. Just whom were the students fighting? By wasting college water, they were hurting only themselves.

Several free days were scheduled for the month of May. They are now cancelled.

Teachers are assigning more and more work, in an attempt to complete a semester's agenda.

But let's get back to the story. All day Thursday, March 9, students wasted water - another 350,000 gallons were again poured down the drains. Then, when it began to get dark, the secular students put on a demonstration.



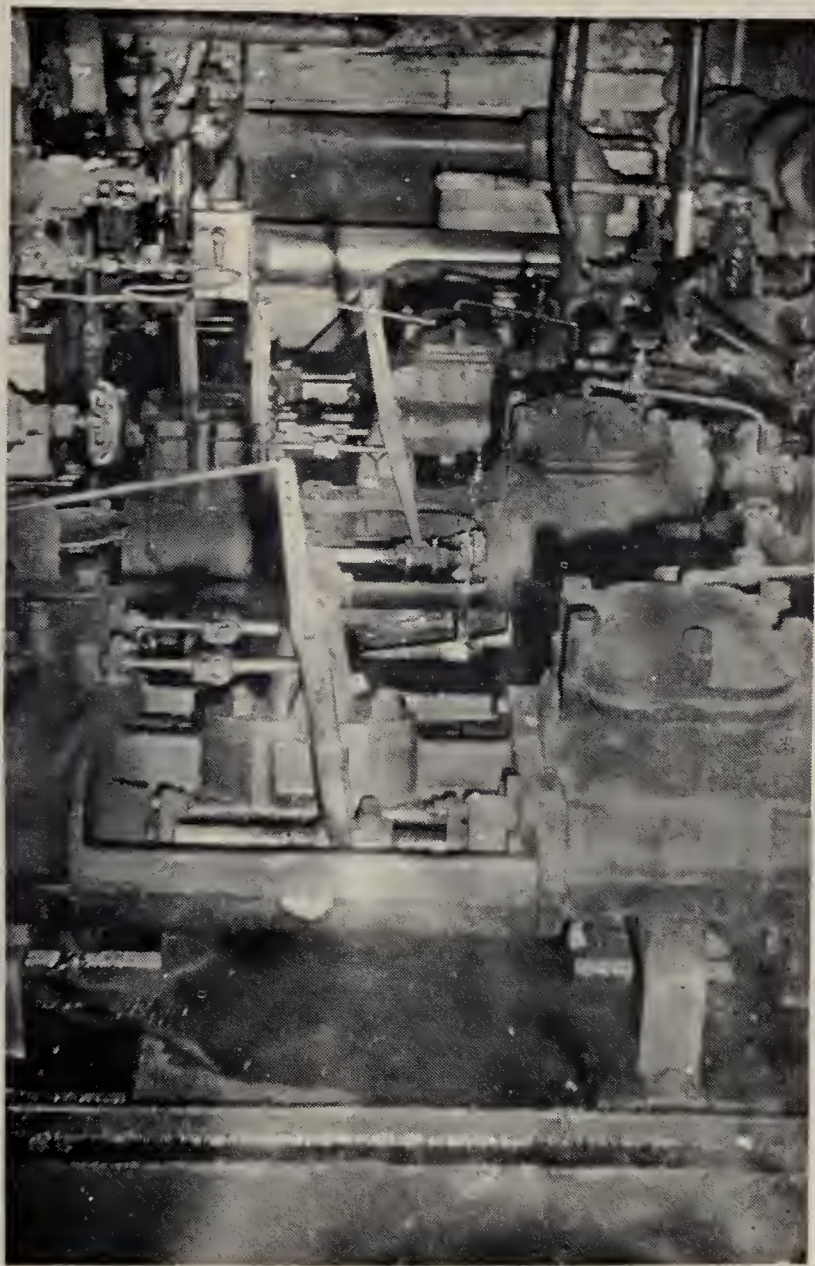
Over fifty windows were broken in the halls on campus. Flaming crosses were carried. A pile of desks and chairs was set on fire. These students wanted to go home.

At 10:30 PM on March 9, Father Banet announced over the College radio station that school was recessed until March 29. A shout rang out among the valiant warriors of St. Joseph's College's secular students.

But destruction was not yet at an end. The school newspaper says that the following event took place on Thursday. However, by interviewing some plumbers I have ascertained that it took place between 12:00 and 6:00 AM on Friday. This element of time is important, because the following work of destruction took place EVEN AFTER THE SECULAR STUDENTS KNEW THAT THEY WERE GOING HOME.

Plumbers had been working at the pumps all day Thursday. They had planned to work all that night. But when it was announced that school had been recessed, they ceased operations until the next day. Now, the plumbers left the pumps at 12:00 midnight. When they came back at 6:00AM, they found that someone had thrown rocks, bolts, and sand into the machinery, and had then turned it on.

Of course, the motor was ruined, and a new one had to be purchased at the cost of \$700. An estimate of the total cost of the damage inflicted upon St. Joseph's College has not yet been given. But it will certainly be several thousand dollars.

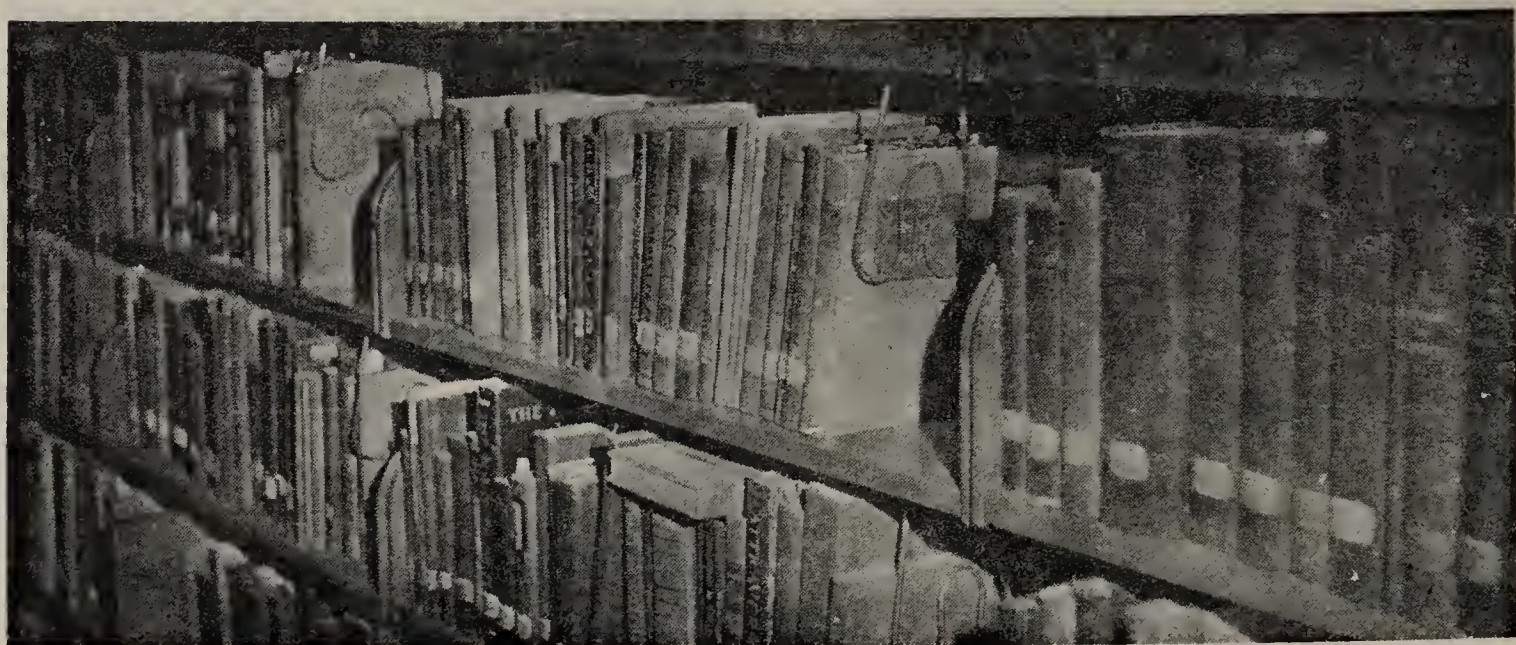


Well, that is the story of how the secular students of St. Joseph's College earned a twenty day vacation. But, you might ask, why were the students of St. Joseph's College permitted to do this? Doesn't the administration

have any power at all over its students? But I won't ask this question. The administration places the blame upon the secular students, and I, too, place a great deal of the blame upon the secular students.



The students of St. Joseph's College live in beautiful residence halls. These halls provide them with every convenience. Perhaps the dearest of all St. Joseph's possessions is the library. Volumes and volumes of priceless works. The College is staffed by a very able faculty, and the student-teacher relationship is remarkable.



And yet, with all this, the students revolt and inflict the College with a painful blow. On the very days during which the students waged their combat, plans were being made for a unique form of student government. Yes, these admirable students were actually going to rule themselves. But I now have very serious doubts as to the adoption of such a program. And it is with a very sick feeling that I conclude The True Story of the Well.

From
the



Campgrounds

Like everyone else the B.P.'s enjoyed an unexpected, but welcomed, lengthened Easter vacation. Most of the Postulants managed to get home, although five fellows stayed back to work during vacation. These B.P.'s knew what they were doing, this time was added on to their vacation, some of the men will be receiving a 33 day summer vacation.

As all things go, there are two sides to every story. Sure we had a nice long rest, but this meant that the schedules in most of the classes were thrown off. What did we have when we got back, but a slew full of mid-term exams. Study, study and study was the agenda for a good number of B.P.'s. Many long hours were spent in preparation for the tests. Then the tests came and came and came. Boy, were they FUN? Following the tests the grades were released and the mixed sounds of the gnashing of teeth and peels of uncontrollable insane laughter could be heard echoing thru Christopher Hall.

Shortly after our return from vacation the song "California Dreamin'" might have represented the ideas among the Postulants. Father Richard Grever C.P.P.S., director of the Brothers in the Pacific Province, gave us a talk on the opportunities and the acute need for Brothers out west. Father pointed out the need for Brothers as teachers, administrators of parishes and institutions, secretaries, bookkeepers, skilled labor, vocation work, and possibly, in the near future, as Deacons. Now I am afraid that unless we get some speakers from the Kansas City and Cincinnati Provinces, we just might have a mass migration to the land of perpetual sunshine, Claifornia.

R. Wise

Contrary to the opinion
of some people -- every let-
ter, written in good taste,
to PULSE will be printed.

Ed,



sports

BASKETBALL

The question came up: What happens to the basketball season? The Mongies had enough wins to get into the tournament but only won three or four games before they lost. The Mongies just did not have the rebounders that they have usually had in past years. But, for not having too much height in the back court, they played very well. They had a winning record even though they did not get too far in the tournament. They had a 7-4 record. As you see from this record of one of the tournament games that I have included, they played good ball, but just could not pull the rebounds:

Name	Position	Points	Rebounds	Fouls
Schmelzer	guard (capt)	12	2	3
Langenkamp	guard	9	1	3
Bornhorst	forward	14	8	1
Kuhlman	center	6	15	3
Lothamer	guard	5	4	3
Monnin	forward	4	0	0
Hofstetter	forward	8	2	0
Geier	guard	0	0	1





The "Diggers" had a 3-4 record, and thus were not eligible for the tournament. They played good games but had some mighty bad breaks at times. They played their best and that is all one can call for.

BOWLING

Bowling, or should I follow the new name given to Xavier bowling: "Mencsiking"? I do not know for certain what connotation that new name has, but it surely sounds like the name of the bowling team captain. It must have gone to his head, because not too long after this new name appeared, the captain bowled a 130. But that was only the beginning. After the season was over, he decided to mess around a little and bowled a nice 242. Can you see now why the name has changed?

The bowling team did not get into the tournament, but they fought up to the very last point. The I.M. department decided to enter the top four teams into the tournament. The Mongie team missed being in the tournament by about four points. They came out of a slump to win twelve or more straight games and then missed the tournament by only four points!

Even though the Mongies did not get into the tournament they must be credited for representing Xavier so well.

They placed very well considering that they were all rookie keglers except the captain.

Congratulations from all the members of the hall to the successful bowling team.

WRESTLING

On March 2, Xavier came up with a winner. There had to be a winner in Xavier, because the finals included two of Xavier's members competing against each other. Ebach and Field approached the mats on the evening of March 2, with Ebach defending his wrestling title of last year. Field put up a tremendous battle, but Ebach, with a year's experience, pinned him in the second round. Ebach ended his season with a 5-0 record. Field ended the season with a 5-2 record. Three out of these five he won by pins, one by take down and one by forfeit. The only two losses unfortunately went to a member of his own hall.

Many of the other members of Xavier ended their seasons quite well. Kaminsky, surprising everyone, ended his season with 2-2. He must be congratulated especially for the last match which he lost by only 2 points. Sowar also stood at 2-2, as did Brown, who also added a couple more points to the hall by pinning one wrestler. Lothamer ended his season with a 1-2 record. Terry, however, ran into some difficulty. It just so happened that every time he had a wrestling match he also had a basketball game. Geier, Ballmann and Bornhorst also ended with a 1-2 record. Although Malatesta, Winter and Hagen could not pull a win on the mats, they were winners in the eyes of the members of Xavier for adding to the entry points. I wish to extend my thanks and congratulations, and I am sure that all the other Mongies do too, for contributing all of your time and help and adding more I.M. points to the Hall.

SOFTBALL

With the ending of the great vacation, the I.M. office was forced to make up time to catch up with the schedule. This caused the halls to rush to get their entries in. Xavier Hall was no exception. About a week ago softball tryouts were held. Thirty eager players appeared on the

field, ready to get chosen on at least one of the two teams. Not everyone could get on the teams, since the I.M. Office allows only thirteen ball players on a team. One team includes Uhlenhake as captain, and Mencsik, Langenkamp, Kuhlman, Nath, Schmelzer, Schmidt, Bornhorst, Cabral, Rettig, Monnin, Pritz, and Ebach as teammates. If the pitching comes through the Mongies will have a winning team, because both infielding and outfielding seem to be very good. Also, everybody seems to be able to handle that bat. The batting should improve as the season progresses.

It is difficult to predict the outcome of the other team, since they were not able to have practice yet because of the frequent Indiana showers. But I am sure that if the team practices they will go places. They will have a tough defense, and if their batting and pitching prove to be as good, they will not have any problems. Don Jerwers as captain has for his team: Kunisch, Lothamer, Brinkman, Malatesta, Winter, Fossum, King, Vondrell, Brown, Hofstetter, and Hohenbrink.

Best of luck to both teams!

VOLLEYBALL

About a month ago, the hall I.M. representative posted a sheet for everybody to sign who wished to play volleyball. By the end of the second day sixty-four names appeared on the sheet. This was enough for eight teams to represent Xavier in volleyball. This number is one fourth of all the teams which entered from all the other halls.

The volleyball season was scheduled to begin March 22, but because of the water problems, it was postponed till April 3. All the teams played at least one game and now there are five teams left. It began with a single elimination tournament right away. So, if a team loses one game, they drop off the list. So far, everybody has been playing very well in the tournament, fighting hard to keep on that tournament list.

With so many teams, it becomes rather difficult to get new names for the teams but there was plenty of co-operation to find some. Of course, we still have the traditional "Mongies," led by Ebach. The "Morgies" won their first round by a good margin of 15-8 and 15-4. Tierney's "Zip Codes" won their first game 15-4. In their second game,

they were leading 11-1, and their opponents came back to win 15-11. Tierney brought his team together again to win the final game by a score of 15-8. Uhlenhake's "Cugats" won their first two games in their first round by a great margin, both games being around 15-3. Cahoon's "Tons-a-Fun" won the first round with the great scores of 15-0 in the first game and 15-4 in the second game. But in the second round of the tournament, they just couldn't get together and were forced to drop out of the tournament. Kunisch's "Neat Guys" had some very close games in the first round, but they pulled through by winning two out of three. Brinkman's "Bees" had their first round forfeited to them. Brown's "Aliens" and Glaziers "Diggers" just couldn't compete with their opponents, but they were there to try to get that position on the tournament chart, and that is what counts.

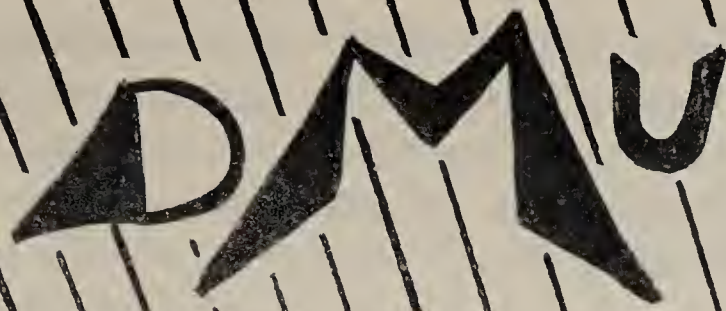
I wish to thank everybody for taking time out to enter the volleyball tournament, giving the hall another boost in points.

Since there are so many teams it is rather difficult to have a picture of every team appear in the PULSE, so instead we include a list of all the teams:

<u>ALIENS</u>	<u>Bees</u>	<u>CUGATS</u>	<u>DIGGERS</u>
Ballmann	Brinkman*	Cabral	Fortman
Borgert	Burnett	Hofstetter	Glazier*
Brown*	Field	Jerwers, Don	Gessler
Degenhardt	Herniak	Kaminsky	Habrowski
Gillespie	Koesters	Olszewski	Hohman
Hoying	Moser	Schmidt	Schreiter
Kriegel	Ploetz	Uhlenhake*	Sowar
Stechschulte	Schaaf	Vondrell	Wise
<u>MONGIES</u>	<u>NEAT GUYS</u>	<u>TONS-A-FUN</u>	<u>ZIP CODES</u>
Bornhorst	Fiely	Cahoon	Freas
Ebach*	Jerwers, Den	Catalano	Langenkamp
Geier	King	Fossum	Malatesta
Kuhlman	Kunisch*	Groblewski	McBride
Lothamer	Mencsik	Hagan	Monnin
Pritz	Nath	Hess	Rettig
Schmelzer	Sinkovich	Rogers	Tierney*
Smith	Will	Woolson	Winter

* indicates captain

A. Ebach



It won't be long now before it will be time to elect next year's officers. It might not be a bad idea to start thinking about whom you would like to have as your new leaders in the DMU. When the campaigning begins, offer suggestions to those running on how to improve the DMU. If you think that you could help the Mission Unit best by becoming an officer, think of ways to convince the rest of us.

The annual stamp drive for Saint Augustine School in Rensselaer was recently sponsored by the Dwenger Mission Unit. The first prize winner received a transistor radio, while the second and third prize winners received Password and Twister games, respectively. The stamps which were collected will be sorted and sent to Saint Charles. We will then receive the money for whatever the stamps are worth and this money will be sent to the missions. In order to get the stamps sorted that are in the DMU room, the work groups will work a half an hour each at sorting stamps. This should be enough to get the job done. So please cooperate when asked to help out by sorting stamps.

A. O'Reilly

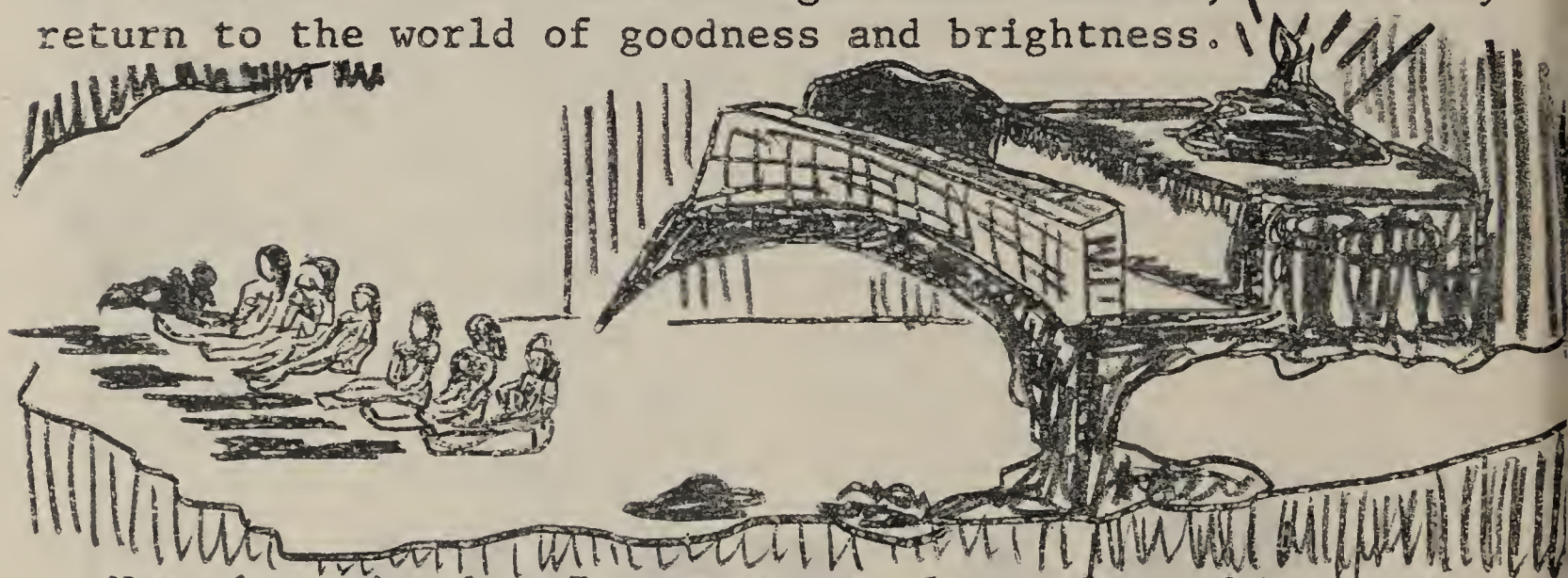
the cave

In Book 7 of Plato's Republic, we find the story of the cave. I will summarize it for you - AND LISTEN WELL, MY FRIEND, FOR THIS CONCERNS YOU! Try to picture in your minds a cave. Some people are seated in this cave. They are bound with chains, and can look only at what is in front of them - a stone wall. Now behind these people there is a 6-foot parapet, and behind this parapet there is a fire. Between the 6-foot parapet and the fire there

is a road. People walk along this road holding images and statues over their heads. The fire shines upon these statues, and shadows are cast on the wall of the cave. Now, all that the people chained in the cave can see is the shadows cast on the wall.

One day a savior comes along and unchains some of the people. They turn around, but are blinded by the fire. Soon, their eyes become accustomed to the fire-light, and they can see the statues. Next, the savior takes the people outside - here they are blinded by the sun. They can see only shadows at first, but when their eyes become accustomed to sunlight, they can behold reality.

Having seen what goodness and brightness really are, these people rush back into the cave, so that their fellow captives may come out. But, coming from sunlight to cave-light, they are forced to squint. When the ones who have seen the light ask the others to come out, the others refuse. They say that only the shadows on the wall are real. But those who have seen the light know better, and they return to the world of goodness and brightness.



Now, here is what I want you to learn from this story. At Xavier Hall there is a certain group of people - about ten of them, whom we can all name - which is lost in darkness. All these ten people do is mope around the locker rows when they should be studying, watch television, play cards, sleep, and complain when they don't get the grades they want. They don't do anything constructive. They think that they are convinced that the life of dormant laziness is the best.

These my friends, are the ones who refuse to come out of the cave. When someone who is really active, who produces worthwhile material, who studies when he should, who prays when he should tries to communicate with one of these ten - he finds a 6-foot brick parapet between himself and the cavemen.

Now I ask you, what good is this caveman? What good to humanity? What good to the Society of the Precious Blood? Cavemen, I address you - you might think that when the bishop lays his hand upon your head you take on your priestly duties - but you are wrong. Your priestly duties started the day you were born, AND YOU HAVE NOT BEEN PERFORMING THEM! I warn you, come out of the cave now. If you don't, we, the seminarians of Xavier Hall, will bury you in the fire's ashes. Cavemen, Wise Up!

WE SEMINARIANS WILL NOT STAND FOR A WATERED-DOWN
COMMUNITY!

F. Hofstetter



editorial

In a close-knit community such as the community in Xavier Hall, each seminarian must learn to give a little and take a little, and not to give a little and take a lot. It takes much co-operation between the students and their "leaders". In general the co-operation between the seminarians of Xavier Hall and their directors seems to be pretty good this year. Yet, there are still some individuals who think that they may do whatever they please. It seems that these individuals do not care about anyone else in the hall, as long as they get what they want. For instance, why doesn't Fr. McKay give permission more often than he does, for us to attend the Saturday night movies on campus? The main reason is probably the fact that there is a certain group in the hall that can boast of having gone to the movie on campus every Saturday night (or just about every Saturday night) since they have been here. It seems like this is far from something to be bragging about. If these people would start to think about the others in the hall more than they themselves, things would probably be a lot better for everyone. Yet, it seems to take more than just talk to get these people to wise up.

Another thing which Xavier Hall could do without is the constant complaining about schedules and the like. Right after the sign was put up announcing that the seminarians would be permitted to go home Sunday the 12th of March, immediately some of the "chronic grippers" began to ask why we couldn't leave on Friday the 9th -- even though by leaving on Sunday the 12th we were already getting an extra ten days of vacation. These grippers certainly are few in number -- most of the hall was very, very glad to see that we could leave on Sunday -- we could have been made to stay until the 22nd, yet, the grippers are always the ones who seem to have the loudest voices.

We could also give the directors a little more cooperation by getting to work on time, and once there, we could

work until the end of work period. Most of the seminarians are faithful to their work, but again, there are always those few who are always going to work late and quitting early, and hardly working during the time they are "at work."

On the whole, the student body at Xavier Hall is to be commended on its behavior and co-operation, yet, with that small number of students who are always working contrary to the good of the group -- there is still something to be desired. If everyone would join together in a concerted effort to keep, first himself, and then his classmates in line, life at Xavier would probably be happier for all those involved -- both seminarians and directors. Let's all get together and do what is supposed to be done at the time that it is supposed to be done -- then, and only then will more privileges be granted.

STARS

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PULSE

